VOLUME XV.

YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1885. A DANGEROUS JOURNEY.

Wall Street Man's Wanderings Among

Mr. W. Montagu Kerr, a New Yorker

and a member of the Stock Exchange,

went to South Africa nearly two years

ago for his health. He is an Englishman less than thirty years of age, be-

came a member of the Stock Exchange

in 1882, is a lover of hunting and ex-

pected to find great sport in the game

regions of South Africa. His achieve-

ments, however, have been rather those

of an explorer than of a sportsman. He

has made an extensive trip northward to

Central Africa, during which he jour-

neyed among tribes notorious for their

power and fierceness, who have seldom been visited by white men. He employed

a lot of blacks as porters and attendants,

and first made his way north to Mata-beleland, which is inhabited by Zulus,

who left their country in a body many

years ago, drove the inhabitants out of

Matabel land, and have since been the

terror of the surrounding tribes. Within

the past three years a few Roman Cath-

olic missionaries have been permitted

by Lobengula, their powerful chief, to settle in the country, and they are the

Mr. Kerr found Lobengula to be in-

tellectually far above his people, who hold him in great awe. Last summer, after Mr. Kerr left Matabeleland, Lo-

bengula took his six thousand warriors

on the war path again. Their fear of this savage chief was one of the reasons

that induced the chiefs of Bechuanaland,

further west, a few months ago, to ac-

cept the proffered British protectorate.

besi, traveling far east of the route

usually followed by white travelers. He

found a great deal of game and had much sport, though he was among

tribes who were little acquainted with

white men, and it was uncertain from

day to day how the next tribe would re-

ceive him. One night he learned from

a woman that on the following night his entire party was to be killed. He

struck camp and made a forced march

of forty miles. Two or three times his porters deserted him, and he had to ob-

tain a new supply from friendly tribes. He crossed the Zambesi and pushed

north through a country that had not

previously been visited by a white man. At last he came to the territory of the

famous Mangones, on the great plateau

This tribe, whom Livingstone and sev-

desolated a large part of East Africa. They, like the Matabeles, are emigrants

from Zululand. They travel several hundreds of miles on slave raids and

cattle stealing expeditions. Many moun-

tains east of Nyassa are dotted with the

huts of natives, who have left the val-

leys to escape the Mangone raids. Mr.

Kerr confirms what has been reported

about the revival of the slave trade on

the east coast. He says it was no un-

common sight to see in the Mangone vil-

lages slave gangs sitting in yokes ready

for the completion of the caravan with

which they were to proceed to the

dealers from the Mangones.

Mr. Kerr then went east to the foot of

Livingstonia, the pretty mission town,

which was so unhealthful that it was de-

serted two years ago by the mission-

aries, who are now prospering at Ban-dawe, a salubrious place, 100 miles

of porters deserted him, and left him

with little food and no means of getting

assistance. He was reduced to great

straits when, sixteen days after he

reached the lake, the little missionary

steamboat that plies on Lake Nyassa, arrived with M. Giraud, the French ex-

olorer, who was homeward bound. Mr.

had splendid sport floating down the Shire River to the sea, such big game as

elephants, buffaloes, hippopotami, and

many kinds of antelopes falling to their

From Quillimane Mr. Kerr returned

to Cape Town. In all his wanderings,

lasting over a year, he did not have a

Mr. Kerr brought with him gold dust

igo. He also found coal of good qual-

A CONSIDERATE DAUGHTER.

Why She Didn't Want Her Lover to See

Much of Her Mother

Sam Holbry, a wealthy young man,

has been paying marked attention to

Miss Birdie McGinnis. Mrs. McGinnis,

the mother of Birdie, is an immensely

stout woman. A few evenings ago Mr.

Holbry was expected to call. Just before

the hour appointed for his arrival Birdie

"Mother, dear, will you do me one

"You know that daughters always

grow up to resemble their mothers."

"Well, now, just look at yourself in the glass. You look as big as one of these water-tanks. You know you weigh one hundred and sixty-nine

"Well, what is it, my daughter?"

"Please, stay in your room. Don't

let Mr. Holbry see you. I don't want him to see much of you."

ity north of Zambesi.-N. Y. Sun.

touch of fever until he reached Quilli-

rifles.

on the East Coast.

said to her mother:

"What is it, dear?"

"Well, my dear?"

joined the young ensign. They

They had been bought by Arab

other explorers described, have

west of Lake Nyassa.

Mr. Kerr went on toward the Zam-

only white men there.

Fierce African Tribes.

WHAT SHE IS NOW.

Her hair is a lovely brown that turns To gold when the sunshine on it lies, And, fringed with lashes of darker hue, A golden brown are her radiant eyes, And the milk-white teeth that her smiles Are like pearls enshrined in the heart of a

As fair as the snow are her helpful hands, And her low broad brow, and her slender And she flits about with a fairy grace.
And her voice is sweet as a wild bird's note-Aye, sweeter you'd say II you heard her speak In the cheeriest way to the weary and weak.

To the weary and weak, for her life is passed
In scenes the saddest that one could find,
And the many prayers that are prayed for

her
Are breathed by the maimed and the halt
and blind.
Some day, up in Heaven, a saint she will be;
Fow only a hospital nurse is she.
—Margaref Eglinge, in Harper's Weekly.

THE TORNADO.

Its Nature and Freaks Explained by "One Who Knows."

I have been making the Western tornado a subject of special study during the past ten years, and have been led to the following conclusions as to the nature of the meteor, leaving out of the present discussion the manner of its generation. I present these convicdions: They are not creations of accident, springing up haphazard, no one knows how or where, but they are governed by law. The grand cause of their inception, course and motion, is the law of gravity. And the trifling dust whirl we see on our prairies and in our roads during a summer afternoon is governed by exactly the same law as impels the frightful tornado. Since my attention has been turned to the subject I have noticed hundreds of those toy tornadoes, and have enlisted my friends in the observation; during this time I have never seen or heard of one revolving with the hands of a clock or in this



On the contrary, their motion has invariably been the other way, or contrary to the motion of the hands of a clock, as



There is a very simple reason for this motion; in fact, the whole mechanism of the tornado is of the simplest character when the law of gravity is applied as the key to its solution.

conform to this law. Leaving aside the discussion of its initial formation at this time I say: The tornado springs out of a circumscribed area of high barometric pressure and moves forward in the line of least resistance or toward areas of low pressure. It never takes form and motion until past midday. It is never generated in the night time. It is never brought into action during a cloudy day or soon after a succession of cloudy days. Now, why the whirling motion contrary to the move ments of the hands of a watch?

Prof. W. M. Davis, of Harvard, College his monograph on "Whirlwinds Cyclones and Tornadoes," says:

"It is found, however, that all storms yet studied turn from right to left in the Northern hemisphere, and from left to right in the Southern. Such constancy points to something more regular than the accidental strength of the winds, to some cause that shall always turn the indrafts to the right of the center as they run in toward it in the Northern Hemisphere, and to the left in the Southern Hemisphere; and this cause is found in the rotation of the earth on its axis. There is a force arising from the earth's rotation that tends to 'reflect all motions in the Northern Hemisphere to the right, and this reflecting force varies with the latitude, being nothing at the equator and greatest at the poles.

There is a simpler reason and more tropical in its character. It is this: Bear in mind, the tornado comes into being only after midday, and, further, only after a succession of still, clear days; these conditions induce the fol-

lowing atmospheric status in the Northern Hemisphere: The air to the south and east of the point of cyclonic disturbance has been more influenced by the sun's heat than any point to the north and west of it; rarification has ensued, vast columns of air have been thus lifted, and, correspondingly, areas of low barometric pressure, as compared with those north and west, have been established. But the sun's influence to the south has been of several days' duration, so much so as to warrant the conclusion that this area of low pressure in this direction is a constant factor; the adventitious factor is the area of low pressure eastward caused by the sun's heat during the morning. Now, then, the first impulse of the air which goes to form the tornado will be toward the south, in the direction of the longest continuing area of low pressure, and for the same reason its next impulse will be toward the east, giving the resultant motion, as shown in this figure



the tornado moves toward the point of

least resistance. In this section, during the cyclonic period from the 1st of June to the

middle of July, all our tornadoes come from the southwest; they come into the great basin that supplies the vast col-umns of heated air which rise from the bosom of the Great Lakes. This afflux to the Lakes produces a very large area of low barometric pressure.

The tornadoes which arise at other seaons move off to the Atlantic seaboard in the southeast for a like reason.

I have spoken of the air which goes from the tornado. I say that the tornado is nothing more or less than a solid column of compressed air, with three powerful motions-namely: A whirl, or revolution on its own terribl axis; which, in the main, is perpendicu-lar to the plane of its flight; an upward, screw-like motion and the motion of flight or translation. These motions are named in the order of their velocities. It is hard to estimate the velocity of this whirl; it can only be a matter of con-It must be many thousands a iecture. minute. The upward, spiral motion is not near so rapid, but vastly greater than the translatory motion, which varies with the contour of the country over which it passes. The configuration of the land governs this motion entirely; retards or accelerates it, while the tornado hugs the ground; and often-times switches it off completely into the upper air. In this manner the rate of gression can vary from ten to one hundred miles an hour. This motion is thus erratic in its character. I know of one instance where the tornado retraced its course for a mile or more and then shot off at a right-angle to its original direction.

Now, a few words as to the character of the funnel-shaped cloud: This is only the manifestation of the crater of the solid destructive agent below. I have said that the tornado is a solid column of compressed air whirling with frightful velocity. Some idea may be obtained of its solidity when it is remembered or understood that several cubic miles of air under ordinary pressure are forced into a cylinder the size of Washington's monument. It is as solid as stone. Air, by compression, gives off its acquired and latent heat. The heat, situated in the column of the tornado, produces two distinct effects. It converts the moisture wrung from the atmospheric column into steam, and throws off vast quantities of heat; this, in conjunction with the elec-trical phenomena developed by friction, has led many to suppose that the tornado was caused by electricity; whereas electricity is only the effect. When the pressure is removed, and the air in the column is allowed to expand, what happens? Each molecule of air is hungry for its normal quantity of latent heat, and on being released from pressure at once attacks its uncompressed neigh-bor, steals away and locks within itself part of its neighbor's heat. Refrigeration and condensation at once take place, and the funnel-shaped cloud is developed as the core in the crater of the tornado, and violent rain and hail-storms are bred. In one sense the funnel-shaped cloud does not pre-sage the storm. The tornado is in active

The path of the tornado very narrow, and no work of man above ground has been found able to withstand the force of that whirling meteoric

operation before the funnel-shaped cloud

is manifest. This cloud is harmless,

and is only the evidence of the unseen,

wonder-working, destructive meteor be-

club within its narrow limits. The great bulk of the damage along its track is caused by the inrush of air to the terrible vortex; and, strange as it may appear, most of this damage is caused by explosion. It is Nature's effort to restore and preserve the atmospheric equilibrium. With this rushing column there goes a vaccum, moving with commensurate velocity; toward this vacuum all the air in the neighborhood moves. If it be confined in house the house explodes. The safety of buildings near the track of the tornado is to have all the windows and doors-away from the approaching

storm-open. There are many phenomena that car only be explained by this rush of air to the moving vacuum, and which are otherwise inexplicable. There is no fact better attested than the one of chickens and other fowls being plucked clean of feathers during the pass a tornado. The reason is perfectly simple and obvious. The quill of each feather contains air. This air in its movement to the vacuum carries the eather with it. While some of the freaks and works of tornadoes are of the most fantastic nature. I have seen and neard of none that can not be explained on the theory of the solidity of the moving column and the action of the law of gravity, with the added element of electricity caused by friction.-Daniel Ber-

ry, in St. Louis Republican AN AWFUL CALAMITY.

A Helpless Old Negro Bemoans the of His Better Half.

An old negro, with an air of utter dejection, sat on a bench in front of a cabin. Some one, seeing that he must be miserable, stopped and said:

"You do not seem to be enjoying courself, old man. "No, honey. De time fur my 'joy ment is dun ober."

"What is the matter?" "Wife dun dead, honey."

"I am very sorry to hear that, and I assure you that you have my sympa "Thankee, sah."

"A man loses a good friend when hi wife dies. "Dat he do, honey, dat he do. I has

foun' dat out ter my sor', let me tell yer, an' now my good days is all "What was the matter with your

"I dunno, honey. She tuck sick one night an' she died de naxt ebenin'. It wuz er awful blow on me, fur dat 'oman wuz earnin' fifteen dollars ebery munf. It wuz awful hard fur ter die jes' arter de white folks had raised her wages. 'Peared like long ez she wucked fur twelve dollars er munf she kep' her helt, but de fifteen dollars, 'peared like, wus too much fur her. Yas, sah, she wuz snatched off at de berry time when she wuz de most use ter me. I doan know whut's goin' ter come o' me. I'll hab ter go ter wuck, I'se afeerd."—Arkansaw Traveler.

THE OPEN GRATE.

Before the snapping, glowing grate, We sit, my wife and I together, And happy in our tete-a-tete, Defy this dull November weather.

There's nothing like a blazing fire To make a man feel blithe and jolly, To raise his drooping spirits higher And drive away his melancholy.

And we enjoy, my wife and I, Our cheery fire when darkness hovers, And while the cold winds moan and sigh We sit there like a pair of lovers.

I sometimes think that there must be Some subtle witchers about it, But this I know, I can not see How we could ever do without it.

So every night it's lighted now,
For thus we both of us have willed it,
And every night we have a row,
To settle which of us shall build it.
—Somerville Journal.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS. [Cleveland Leader.]

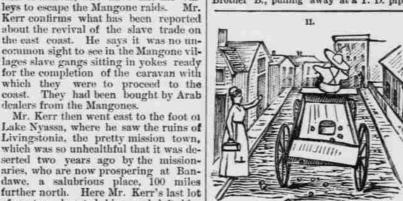


"Apples, apples, appoles!"

A SMOKING MINISTER. Two Good Stories of a Quick-Witted Meth-

Rev. C. D. Bunn is a remarkably eloquent and witty member of one of the New England Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He has a peculiar drawl, which adds much to the mirth-provoking character of his sayings. He is, withal, exceedingly bald and much addicted to When he preached in --- the young men of his acquaintance used to chaff him a great deal, for the sake of drawing him out. One day he was asked how it happened that some men grew very baid at so early an age, while others were well covered. "Well," said he, "some people's heads run to hair and some brains."

At the Northport camp-meeting one day a brother was walking about in the woods, meditating upon a sermon, when he saw smoke curling up from the roots of a large tree that had been leveled by a storm. Mounting the trunk he crept cautiously along and peeped over the end. There sat Brother B., pulling away at a T. D. pipe.



"Whoa! Only 'steen cents a peck."

The good brother was very much shocked, and halled him with: "Hello, Brother Bunn! Are you offering

cense to the devil?" Brother Bunn slowly lifted his eyes to the intruder's face, settled back into his old position and drawled out-"Ya-as. But I didn't know uear."- Detroit Free Press.

One Price Only.

"Schentlemens, schoost valk in and look at dose vinter goots." " How much is this overcoat?"

"Terventy tollars for dot overgoat, and mane, one of the most unhealthful spots dot vas making you a bresent of dot overgoat." That's too high.

"I delis you Mishter Gilhooly, I have only von brice, I never drades. Choost and gold-bearing quartz from the region south of the Zambesi, where the Porturead dot sign on der vall 'Fixed Prices.' " guese mined extensively two centuries " O, that means you fix the prices to suit yourself. Twenty dollars is too much."
"I believe you heard me ven I tole you I nad only von price, terventy tollars." " It's not worth seven and a half."

Mose Schaumburg, eagerly: "Vill yet give dot?"—Texas Siftings.



"1 1 1 0 0 0 [[[Well, by gosh!"

Not Familiar with Then Miss Clara-Can you call the names of the different stars and constellations, Mr.

The Amenities of Life.

"Ah!" returned the first speaker, molli-

apology."
"Don't mention it," replied the other, curtly. "I was mistaken, too,"—N. Y.

"I was mistaken. Please accept my

"You are a liar, sir."

"You are a gentleman."

"Why so, my daughter?" "Because, ma, I've nearly got him coralled. He is a little skittish, but I'll Featherly? Featherly-Oh, yes. There is the north have him roped in pretty soon; but if he star and the evening star and the Great should see you he will think that I'll be Bear and the Little Dipper and the Milky as big as you some of these days, and he'll jump the fence, sure. I tell you, Way, and all the rest. Oh, yes.

Miss Clara—The Great Bear is called just wait until we are married, and then Ursa Major, is it not? you can come and live with us, but Featherly-Oh, you mean do I know bo-tanical names? I am ashamed to confess l don't scare him off just at this crisis."do not.-N. Y. Times.

Texas Siftings. -"I threw my love to him and it hath gone astray," sings Lillie Drake in an exchange. Let Lillie be comforted by exchange. Let Lillie be comforted by the reflection that a woman never could throw anything straight. - Chicago Jour-

-- If you can not convince others by reason, it is a losing game to hunt up a curtly.

PITH AND POINT.

—They are making the new styles of collars so high that before long young men will have to stand on tip toes to see any thing at all .- N. Y. Graphic

-The base-ball man's salary is hence forth to be not over \$2,000. only men with common-school educations can be obtained for this sum .-Baston Post

-According to a correspondent "the Princess Louise of England writes very well." This is encouraging. We trust she reads, too. After a while we may expect to find Princesses almost as well educated as other people. - Chicago Inter-Ocean.

-The United States has nearly three times as many doctors as England and nearly four times as many as France in proportion to the population. Does this redundancy of doctors in the United States account for the small proportion of the population?-Boston Transcript.

-At a social gathering on Austin avenue Hostetter McGinnis, who is a great wag, said to Miss Esmerelda Longcoffin: "You would not believe, Miss Esmerelda, what conquests I've made among the fair sax. You would not believe it." "I don't," replied Miss Esmerelda.—Texas Siftings.

-Humanity owes at least one little debt of gratitude to Emil Zola. When he was poor he used to catch English sparrows and eat them. Now, any man who will come to America and eat English sparrows can secure steady employment at good wages and will hailed as a public benefactor.—Brooklyn Eagle.

-Hostess: "Oh! Mme. Zuchetti, let me introduce my friend, Major Enderby. He is most anxious to know you."
The Major—"Believe me, madame, this is an honor I have long looked forward to. I remember listening with rapture to your 'Marguerite' when I was a mere His acquaintance with Mme Zuchetti never got any further .- Puck.

- "My dear fellow," says an Indiana Sheriff to his prisoner, "I must apologize to you for the sanitary condition of this jail. Several of the prisoners are down with the measles, but I assure you that it is not my fault. "Oh, no excuses," replies the prisoner. "It was my intention to break out as soon as possible, any way."—N. Y. Sun.

-Athletic Note: "There is a man on our street afflicted with a bad case of the foot-and-mouth disease," remarked Ebenezer Jones to a young physician of his acquaintance. "Impossible!" said the young doctor. "I never heard of a human being taking that disease." "But he has it, undoubtedly." "What are the symptoms?" "Why, he thinks he is a champion pedestrian, and he is always talking about it."-Pittsburgh

-Important Information: A professor at the University of Texas was ex-plaining some of the habits and customs of the ancient Greeks to his class. "The ancient Greeks built no roof over their theaters," -said the professor.
"What did the ancient Greeks do when rained?" asked Johnny Fizzletop. The professor took off his spectacles, polished them with his handkerchief, and pose."—Texas Siflings.

THE JUDGE CAVED.

An Experience With a Colored Represents tive of the Law.

As we rode out from a town in Mississippi to view a plantation a commercial traveler for a New York house expressed a desire to go along. He procured a horse and joined the party, and his company was welcomed. A mile and a half from town we came to a notice, posted on a board, and everybody stopped to read it. It was a notice of Sheriff's sale, and the colored man who tacked it up was still on the ground. The notice was badly written and worse spelled, and the drummer laughed long and loud over "caf" for calf, "det" debt, and "sheruf" for Sheriff.

"What's wrong wid dat notis?" asked the colored man in a very edgy voice. "It's too funny for anything," was the reply. "Some one had better go to school."

"Dat's me, sah. I'm a Constable an I writ dat off. "Oh, you did? Well, I hope the c-a-f will be sold."

"Yes, sah. You come along wid me, sah! "With you?"

"Yes, sah. I 'rest you, sah!"
"What for?" "Contempt of court, sah! Come right along. "Where?"

"Befo' de Justiss, sah! We'll se about dat caf!" The drummer was advised against re-The Consta-

sistance and finally permitted himself to be taken before a colored Justice nearly wo miles from the spot. ble had picked up a colored man on the way, who made and swore to a complaint, and the drummer was duly arraigned on the charge, although his Honor seemed very uneasy about it. The Colonel acted as counsel for the When the case was ready he prisoner.

"Your Honor, who is this court?" "I is, sah," was the dignified reply. "Has this man shown any contempt for you?"
"No, sah."

"Then how can you try him for contempt of court?" The old man scratched his head opened a law book wrong side up, and

finally replied: "De prisoner am discharged, but will hev to pay one dollar costs."
"But if he is discharged because of

his innocence, where do you get the right to put costs onto him?" asked the "Where do I? Why, in de lawbook."

"Which one?" "De one at home."

"I take exceptions, your Honor, and shall carry this case to the Supreme Court," said the Colonel.

"Umph! Dat alters de case. prisoner am discharged from his fine of one dollar, an' de constable am fined two dollars for making a fool of hisself an' gettin' dis court all twisted up in a hard knot afore white folks!"-Detroit

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A PLACE FOR YOU.

Some day, my boy, you'll be a man,
Compelled to face the world alone;
Your own career you'll have to plan,
And work out, too, and by your own
Exertions gain whate er renown
Will ever gather round your name;
And if you lose life's waiting crown.
Yours is the blame.

The impress of each sunny hour
On life's great after-work you'll see;
Youth now is yours, and yours the power
To make or mar your destiny.
How? By the way you use these hours;
Now store your mind and nerve your
heart,
Training the while those latent powers
To do their part.

Within the world, my boy, somewhere
There is a place made just for you;
Your future battle-ground is there,
And there is work for you to do;
Perhaps it is to sell the grain,
Perhaps to sow, may be to grind—
Just think awhile—your quickened brain
Your place will find.

And be it high or be it low,
No matter where you find your post,
On, stick to it, my lad, and show
Your mettle, while you make the most
Of youth's fair hours. Learn to fill
Your place with honor. Know always
To do your work, and do it well,
Is highest praise.
—Golden Dans

-Golden Days "JUMBO."

Personal Reminiscences by His Keeper, Matthew Scott.

The following interesting sketch of Barnum's mammoth elephant, which met such a tragic death in Canada last summer, is taken from an article in a late number of Harper's Young People: "It was in December, 1851, that my name was entered on the books of the Royal Zoological Society's Garden, at Regent's Park, in London. I was then seventeen years of age, and my great desire to be constantly among the ani-mals which I had visited over and over again was finally gratified.

"I well remember when it was announced, eighteen years ago, that an African elephant, with immense ears like folding parlor doors, would soon arrive, and the managers decided to put me in charge of him. There was great excitement when the boat arrived from Paris, and it seemed as if all the boys and girls in London turned out to see him. The little elephant was a curiosity on account of his peculiar shape and his big ears, and the members of several learned societies came to examine him. The name I gave him, Jumbo, had no particular significance; in fact, I don't think that I had ever heard it.

"From the natives where he was captured it was learned that Jumbo was five years of age, and I took delight in telling the visitors that he would grow up to be the biggest elephant in the world. This I judged from the peculiar size and proportions of his bones in relation to the body, and I resolved soon afterward that I would make a study of feeding him. He was then sickly, and in a bad state of health generally. Jumbo and myself were fast friends the first time we met, and he would be governed by none of the other keepers. He was like a great good-natured boy, and he took a spe-cial fancy to children and ladies, and carry a back-load of little ones around the Park. His passengers included children of royalty and nobility, and as he grew rapidly, a larger saddle was

necessary every few months. "One day as Jumbo was passing through a crowd he suddenly stopped, and would not move an inch when I commanded him to proceed. From my seat in the saddle I observed that a lady below was much agitated as she came running toward Jumbo. Leaning over the side of the saddle, I saw that a child of two or three years had fallen in our pathway, and was lying between Jumbo's fore-feet. The beast would not stir until he had taken up the infant tenderly in his trunk and passed it over to the mother.

"Mr. Barnum, ten years ago, saw Jumbo at the Gardens and tried to purchase him. When he offered fifty thousand dollars for him I was afraid the directors would let him go and that I would lose my best friend. I didn't have much to say to the great showman, and was not at all anxious to exhibit the good points of my big ele-phant until after the managers of the Garden had assured me that they would never allow the animal to go to America for any price. Six years however, Jumbo had turns of fretfulness which alarmed the directors, and they even went so far as to purchase blunderbusses with which to shoot him if he became mad and unmanageable I told them that elephants were social animals, and that what ailed Jumbo was the want of society with his own

"As Mr. Barnum had a score or two of elephants in his great American show Mr. A. D. Bartlett, Superintendent of the Zoological Gargens, advised the sale of Jumbo at a greatly reduced price. Mr. Barnum offered ten thousand dollars, and the managers accepted it, on the condition that he should take him as he stood, as they would run no risks of removing him The bargain was made, and it was one of the happiest days of my life when I found that I was to accompany my old friend across the water.

"The journey is familiar to every boy and girl in the land. Even those who have not seen Jumbo on his travels through the country have read how was boxed up and hoisted abroad the steamer Assyrian Monarch by means of enormous derricks, and how, on his arrival in New York in April, 1882, every paper in the land had columns of interesting news about the wonderful beast that had now grown to be the largest known animal in the world.

"Jumbo was unlike any other elephant in Mr. Barnum's great herd. It would never do to punish him or to force him to obey. Mr. Arstingstall holds sway over nearly fifty great animals (any of which might pick him up and hurl him as a boy would a rat) solely because they fear him. Not so with Jumbo. He minded me because he loved me. Many years ago it was that he began to show his affection for me, and he never betrayed the confidence I placed in him. Whenever I could make my wishes known to him, he always obeyed. Like a child, he Christian Weekly.

would would sometimes be peevish and sullen, but at such times he would solicit me to pet him, and if I re-mained near, he would soon get over

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his ill feeling.
"We have traveled many thousands of miles together in the magnificent car built expressly for our use. My sleeping apartment was at one end of the car, and my bed was near Jumbo. Unless I was in it he would not go to sleep, no matter what hour of the night it might be. Sometimes I would take a short walk around the city after the exhibition was over for the day, and before the cars started. Jumbo was always awake, and waiting for his bit of cake and beer, or whatever I had. He always shared my beer at night. Once I forgot to give him his portion, and after I had dropped asleep he put his trunk around me, and lifted me out of my bed. I then recollected the nip of beer I had left in the mug, not enough to wet the old fellow's throat, but as soon as he got it

he was satisfied.

"He was mischievous, too, and oftentimes he would wait until I had fallen asleep, and then carefully take off my bedclothes without awakening me. If it was cold weather, I would find the quilts crowded into the ventilator overhead. I recollect finding my coat and vest carefully tucked into the grating of the car, out of my reach. I looked for them for half an hour, while Jumbo swunk his trunk like an enormous pendulum, as he always did when expressing delight. Finally he directed my attention to the grating, and at my request gave them back. Many times Jumbo has picked me up and placed me out of danger of various kinds to which he fancied I was exposed, and in several instances he saved my life. When the stampede of elephants took place last year, he caught me in his trunk, and held me a prisoner between his fore-feet until the general alarm had subsided.

"An amusing instance occurred at Penn Yan of Jumbo's jealousy of the attention paid me by visitors to the

great show. "A young lady from the rural districts took quite a fancy to me, and I suppose I took more pains than usual that she should know the whole history of Jumbo. She returned several times before the circus performance began in the big tent, and each time brought a bouquet or other small gift. After the exhibition she came again, and Jumbo concluded I was either in great danger or else receiving altogether too much attention from the damsel. At any rate, he wound his trunk around me and drew me away from her. I freed myself, and again made myself agreeable, when Jumbo picked me up and placed me on one side, and then gently but firmly pushed the lady away from him as far as his chains would al-

"I do not like to review the details of Jumbo's sudden death. He showed his affection for me to the last moment, and it seems that he realized the danger to which I was exposed. He first took care, as he saw the fatal train coming, that I should be saved, and quickly put me out of harm's way. Then he as quickly rolled Tom Thumb away from the track, and in so doing lost so much time that the engine was upon him before he could move away. He was a king, and he faced death like a king. The locomotive struck him on

the head, fracturing his skull. "Jumbo's hide and bones are now in charge of Prof. Ward, proprietor of the great museum at Rochester, N. Y., and he is preparing them for Mr. Barnum hereafter to transport through the country with his show. Eventually the skeleton will rest at the National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution a Washington, while the stuffed skin will be placed in the Barnum Museum of Natural History at Tufts College, near

Mr. Barnum sends the following short account of Jumbo's introduction to his herd of elephants:

"The day after Jumbo's arrival at Madison Square Garden we resolved to introduce him to the thirty-five Indian elephants which we had there. of us feared the result, but Scott insisted that Jumbo was too much of a gentleman to misbehave. So we placed our thirty-five elephants in a row, ea being chained one leg to a post, and then Scott led Jumbo in. He passed in front of the string of elephants, look ing at first a little surprised, as did all the other elephants when they first discovered him approaching. But Jumbo and all the other elephants at once looked kindly, and each extended its trunk as Jumbo passed, which he fondly took with his own trunk, giving each elephant a kind caress. Mutual affection seemed at once established, and it existed without interruption till the

A Dangerous Nuisance.

day of his death.

Children are very fond of saying: "I was going to." The boy lets the rat catch the chickens. He was going to fill up the hole with glass and to set traps for the rats; but he did not do it in time, and the chickens were eaten. He consoles himself for the loss, and excuses his carelessness by saying: "I was going to attend to that." A boy wets his feet and sits without changing his shoes, catches a severe cold, and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet shoes when he came in; and he was going to do it, but did not. A girl tears her dress so badly that all her mend ing can not make it look well again. There was a little rent before, and she was going to mend it, but forgot it. And so we might go on giving instance after instance, such home with almost every man and home with almost every man and home with almost every man and home with a such as a woman, boy and girl. "Procrastina-tion is" not only "the thief of time," but the worker of vast mischiefs. If a Mr. "I-was-going-to" lives in your house, just give him warning to leave. He is a lounger and a nuisance. He has wrought unnumbered mischiefs. The boy or girl who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it, and life will not be successful. Put Mr. "I-was-going-to" out of your house and keep him out. Always do